

## **That Bitch** by **PrincessDarcy\_of\_Asgard**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Non-Magical, Angst, Diners, Emotional Hurt, F/M, Grief/Mourning, Hurt Jonathan Byers, Nancy kicks ass, Non-Consensual Touching

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-03-27

**Updated:** 2018-03-27

**Packaged:** 2022-04-21 15:29:39

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 661

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

With his family gone, Jonathan Byers has left Hawkins in an effort to move on. He meets a waitress who needs precisely zero saving.

# That Bitch

## Author's Note:

- For [CasaByers](#).

To CB,

For our sweethearts who deserve better.

Three years since Jonathan's brother had been fished out of the quarry, cold and beyond help. Their mom had held on until Will's burial, finally allowing herself to shatter once she had put her youngest to rest. Will and Jonathan's father failed to come to either of the funerals.

Jonathan could have stayed in Hawkins, got a regular job and worked toward that picket fence life the rest of the residents aspired to. He didn't. The young man took his camera, the meagre cash in his wallet and hopped on a bus, headed as far as possible from everything he'd known.

Florida wasn't all that bad. There may have been mosquitoes and a surplus of silly tourists, but there was no snow shovelling in winter and the scenery made for good photos. A fair trade.

Jonathan's references were few but his portfolio was impressive. He ended up hired by the Sentinel, which got away with paying him a pittance, young and green as he was. The budding photojournalist managed to make rent and spend some time in a dark room and that was about all he needed. Jonathan never forgot his family but he did move past the pain as he made a life for himself.

At the moment he was finishing a job, photographing the goings-on at the Strawberry Festival. The day was done and Jonathan having a craving for something besides deep-fried garbage, headed to the Waffle House. There was only one table occupied, a quartet of loud and obviously drunk locals were haphazardly scooping food into their mouths while cat calling the lone waitress refilling their coffee. She gave them a tight smile and left to serve the next customer.

"Sorry about them." The girl sighed. "Smoking or non-smoking."

"Non, please." Jonathan answered and followed her to a booth at the far side of the restaurant. He plopped into the vinyl booth and took the menu handed to him. The waitress's name tag read 'Nancy', which Jonathan noted and averted his eyes before she took him for some kind of boob crazed creep.

"I'll have a Coke." He ordered and willed the flush in his cheeks to subside. Nancy was petite, her dark hair pulled into a flattering ponytail. She had a sweet, fey beauty about her but something told him she wasn't to be tangled with. Nancy was amazing and for this Jonathan Byers was unprepared.

Nancy nodded and headed to get Jonathan's pop, making another pass to see if the drunks needed anything.

"I could use a handful of *this*." One of them said, slipping his hand up Nancy's skirt to squeeze her ass. The guy's friends howled with laughter and urged him on.

Jonathan was instantly on his feet, fully intending to slug the groper and not caring if he'd end up getting the shit kicked out of him. Before he could, Nancy gathered herself and slipped into her flirtiest, tip-getting expression. She leaned in and made no effort to dislodge the grubby paw claspng her rear end. Nancy struck in a flash, the heel of her palm connecting with the guy's nose in an audible crunch of cartilage.

The man bayed and covers his face, blood seeping between his fingers. His friends shouted and cursed but none seemed eager to get out of their seats. Nancy straightened up and addressed the entire table, her voice menacingly calm.

"Now, boys, after that fiasco I think I deserve at *least* a 30% tip. If I don't get it and if you ever come in here and try that shit again I'll have to involve Kristoff. You don't want that."

On cue the cook appeared in the serving window to scowl at the jerks who had messed with his co-worker. Kristoff was a Nordic hulk whose muscular arms strained against the fabric of his white T-shirt.

No they didn't wanna piss him off.

Jonathan grinned to himself and sat back down. Nancy had this well in hand.

**Author's Note:**

Needless to say I own nothing you recognize and I am not affiliated with the Strawberry Festival or Waffle House though I do recommend both.